A WOMAN'S MOUNTAIN RIDE. A LADY'S LIFE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. By ISABELLA L. BIRD. 12mo, pp. 293. G. P. Putnam's

Of the bold dragoons who have recently figured In military life, bewitching the world with feats of noble hersemanship, the fair Amazon who rides like a centaur over the roughest passes of the ountains will certainly bear away the paim. She appears to be an English (or Scottish) lady of good connections, a friend of the family of Charles Kingsley, and favorably known in the world of books by her graphic volume of " Six Months in the Sandwich Islands." Everything in the present work inspires confidence in her talents and respect for her character, though when her foot is once in the stirrup she is an unmitigated dare-devil, fearing o horsefish, and defying the wickedest mule Miss Bird left San Francisco in the month of leaving the train after a journey of more than 250 miles at Truckee, a rough mount the Sierras. Though past 11 o'clock at night, she roused up the negro factorum of the primitive Western hostelry, to ask about the chance of procuring a horse. A man soon came in from the bar-room who said he could supply her needs. He proved to be the very type of a Western pioneer, and something of a character in his way. Upon entering the room he bowed to the lady, threw himelf into a huge rocking-chair, drew up a spittoon to his side, and began to chew with all his might muddy boots, into which his trousers were tucked, on the top of the stove. He said he had horses which she could safely ride alone with a Mexican saddle, and a bargain was at once struck for the next morning the plot began to thicken. She tells the largest building in Truckee, where twelve fine were stabled in stalls on each side of a broad My friend of the evening before showed me his 'rig.' three velvet-covered side-suddles, almost without horns. Some ladies, he said, used the horn of the Mexican saddle, but none "in this part any distance in the conventional mode, and going to give up this splendid 'ravage,' gray horse was 'rigged out' in a handsome silvertassels hanging from the stirrup-guards, and a skirt on the saddle, deposited my cloak in the back before his owner had time to devise any way astonishment, but all were as respectful as pos-

Once on horseback, all embarrassment disapeared. She rode through the town of Truckee, ooking like an encampment with its steep-roofed houses and its rude shanties, and followed the indings of the river at an altitude of 6,000 feet of his own. She met nobody, and passed nothing on the road but a freight wagon, drawn by twentytwo exen, guided by three fine-looking young men, who had some difficulty in making room to pass their awkward convoy. After she had ridden about ten miles further the road went up a steep hill in the forest, turned abruptly, and through the blue gloom of the great pines which rose from the ravine in which the river was then hid, came impses of two mountains, about 11,000 feet in eight, whose bald gray summits were crowned with her first adventure on the mountain ride:-

The forest was thick, and hadan undergrowth of dwarf spruce and brambles, but as the horse had become fidgety and "scary" on the track, I turned off in the idea of taking a short cut, and was sitting carelessly, short-tune my surrup, when a great, dark, hairy beast rose, trashing and snorting, out of the taugle just in front of mee. I had only a glitopse of alm, and thought that my imagination had magnified a wild boor, but it was a bear. The korse snorted and plunged violently, as it he would go down to the river, and then turned, silliplunging, up a steep bank, when, finding that I mist come off. I threw myself off on the right side, where the ground rose considerably, so that I had not tart to fail. I got up covered with dust, but heither shaken nor brussed. It was truly grotesque and homilating. The hear ran in one direction, and the horse in another. I horried after the latter, and twice he stopped till I was close to him, then turned round and cantered away. After walking about a faile in deep dust, I packed up first the sadde-blanket and next my bag, and soon came upon the horse, standing facing me, and sheking all over. I thought I should earth hum then, but when I went up to him he turned round, threw up his heels several times, rushed aff the truck, gallopped in circles, bucking, bicking, on the direction of Tiruckee, with the sadde over his shoulders and the great weeden stirrups thumping his sides, while I trudged ignominiously along in the dast, hoboriously carrying the bag and soddie-blanket.

I walked for nearly an hour, heated and nurgry, when to my joy I saw the extern halted neroes the top of a gorge, and one of the tramsters leading the horse toward he. The young man said that, seeing the horse toward he. The young man said that, seeing the horse forming, they had drawn the team seress the road to stop him, and remembering that he had passed them with a lady on him, they learned that there had been an accident, and had just sadded one of their own lorses to go in search of me. He brought me some water to wash the dust from my face, and resaddied the horse, but the animas snorted and punged for some time before he would dust stren my face, and resaddied the horse, but the animas snorted and punged for some time before he would

and had just saddied one of their own horses to go in search of me. He brought me some water to wash the dust frem my face, and resaddied the horse, but the animal snorted and plunged for some time before he would let me mount, and then sidded along in such a nervous and scared way, that the teamster walked for some distance by me to see that I was "all right." He said that the woods in the neighborhood of Tance had been full of brown and grizz y bears for some days, but that no one was in any dauger from them. I took a long guilop beyond the scene of my tumble to quiet the horse, who was most restless and trouble-some.

As this was only a pleasure jaunt to appease the cravings of curiosity prior to her more perilous excarsions in Colorado, she returns to Truckee, and greatly enjoys the glorious ride. "The road was not as solitary as the day before. In a deep part of the forest the horse snorted and reared, and I saw a cinnamon-colored bear with two cubs cross the track ahead of me. I tried to keep the horse quiet, that the mother might acquit me of any designs upon the lolloping children, but I was glad when the ungainly, long-haired party crossed the river. Then I met a team, the driver of which stopped and said he was glad that I had not gone to Cornelian Bay, it was such a bad trail, and hoped I had enjoyed Tahoe. The driver of another team stopped and asked if I had seen any bears, Then a man heavily armed, a hunter probably, asked me if I were the English tourist who had happened on 'a 'grizzlie' yesterday. Then I saw a lumberer taking his dinner on a rock in the river, who 'touched his hat' and brought me a draught of ice-cold water, which I could hardly drink owing to the fractiousness of the horse, and gathered me some mountain pinks, which I admired. I mention these little incidents to indicate the habit of respectful courtesy to women which prevails in that region. These men might have been excused for speaking in a some what free-and-easy tone to a lady riding alone, and in an unwonted fashion. Womanly diguity and manly respect for women are the salt of society in this wild West." Resuming her journey on the Pacific Railroad the traveller arrives safely at Cheyenne, in Wyoming, which she makes her point of departure for her bolder excursions among the high places of Colorado. She makes the best of her way to the vicinity of Estes Park, which comprises some of the most beautiful scenery of the Rocky Mountains. She is in raptures with the sublime, unequalled country. She finds it the very spot she has been seeking, but it far exceeds her wildest dreams. There was health in every breath of air. Every night there was a frost, and it was cool enough all day for a roaring fire. She found herself completely at home in the little separate log cabin of a ranchman, haif hunter, half stockman, who and his wife were jovial, good-hearted Welsh people, named Evans of course, langhing with the loud cheery British laugh, singing in parts "down to the youngest thild, and piling the pitch-pine logs halfway up the great rude chimney. There was fresh meat

every day, delicious bread hot from the oven, excellent potatoes, ten and coffee, and an abundant supply of milk like cream. The lady bad a clean bay bed with six blankets, and wonderful to relate, there were neither bugs nor fleas. Her horseback journey to Estes Park, before the greater perils of mountain travel had begun, is made the subject of a pleasant description : "I was awake all night at Longmount owing to the stifling heat, and got up nervous and miscrable, ready to give up the thought of coming here, but the sunrise over the plains and the wonderful red of the Rocky Mountains, as they reflected the eastern sky, put spirit into me. The landlord had got a horse, but could not give any satisfactory assurances of his being quiet, and being much shaken by my fall at Canyon, I earnestly wished that The Greeley Tribune had not given me a reputation for horsemanship, which had preceded me here. The young men who were to scort me 'seemed very innocent,' he said, but I have not arrived at his meaning yet. When the horse appeared in the street at 8:30, I saw, to my dismay, a high-bred, beautiful creature, stable kept, with arched neck, quivering nostrils and restless cars and eyes. My pack, as in Hawaii, was strapped behind the Mexican saddle, and my canvas to earry 'gear,' and seemed to require two men to hold and coax him. There were many loafers about, and I shrank from going out and mounting in my old Hawasian ridingdress, though Dr. and Mrs. H. assured me that I looked quite 'insignificant and unnoticeable.' We got away at nine with repeated injunctions from the landlord in the words, 'Ob, you should be heroic? The sky was cloudless, and a deep, brilliant blue, and though the sun was hot the air was fresh and bracing. The ride for glory and delight I shall label along with one to Hanalei, and another to Mauna Kea, Hawaii. 1 felt better quite soon; the horse in gait and temper turned out peramong the mountains seemed a pleasant frolic. So gentle he was, that when I got off and walked he followed me without being led, and without needing anyone to hold him he allowed me to mount on either side. In addition to the charm of his movements he has the cat-like sure-footedness of a Harivers, and gallops among stones and stumps and should not require another companion on a long brought up without curb, whip or spur, trained by the case with the majority of horses in the Western they exercise their intelligence for your advantage, machines." There was great exhibitantion in the delightful motion. The sun was behind, and a cool of mounting me. Neither he nor any of the loafers who had assembled showed the slightest sign of elastic air came down from the glorious mountains in front. After cantering across six miles of prairie they reached the beautiful canyon of the St. Vrain. Its ripples danced brightly in the glittering sunminded her of the streams of Hawaii. There were wonderful ascents over which she was obliged to side formed a continual succession of surprises. The sense of loneliness was intense. A tremendous ascent among rocks and pines to a height of 9,000 feet led to a passage seven feet wide through a wall of rock, with an abrupt descent of 2,000 feet and a yet higher ascent beyond. Wall beyond wall of similar construction, and range above range, rose into the blue sky. Deer, bighore, and elk come here in the early morning to feed, while the Rocky Mountain lion, the grizzly bear, and the treacherous

> of the narrative:
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> A very pretty mare, hobbled, was feeding; a collie dog barked at us, and among the secub, not far from the track, there was a rude, black log cable, as rough as it could be to be a shelter at all, with sanoke couning out of the roof and window. We diverged towardit; it matthe roof and window. part of the care, so of a deer fung at one end of the cann, a skinned beaver lay in front of a reap of peltry just within the door, and antiers of deer, old librasshoes, and effal or many animals, hay about the den. Roused by the growling of the dog, his owner came out, a broad, thickset man, about the middle neight, with an eld cap on his bead, and wearing a reap funning suit much the worse for wear (almost lalling to tieces, in fact), a digger's scart knotted round his waist, a keile in his belt, and a "bosom friend," a revoiver, sticking out of the breast-pocket of his coat; his feet, which were very small, were bare, except for some dilapidated moceaning made of horse-nide. The marvel was how his ciothes hung together and on him. The scarf round his waist must have had something to do with it. His face was remarkable. He is a man about forty-five, and must have been strikingly handsome. He has large gray blue eyes, deeply set, with well marked cycbrows, a handsome apulline nose, and a very handsome mouth. His face was smoothly-shaven, except for a dense mustache and imperial. Tawny han, in thin uncared-for curls, fell from under his hunter's cap and over his colair. One eye was entirely gobe, and the loss made one side of the face repulsive, while the other might have been modelled in mattile. "Despected" was written in large letters all over him. han, in thin uncared-ior curls, fell from under bis hunter's cap and over his coliar. One eye was-entirely gone, and the loss made one side of the face repulsive, while the other might have been modelled in metale. "Desperado" was written in large letters all over him. I almost repeated of having sought his acquantance. His first impulse was to swear at the dog, but on sceing a lady he contented himself with kicking him, and coming up to me he raised his cap, showing as he did so a magnificently formed brow and head, and in a cultured tone of voice asked if there were acytaing he could do for me i I asked for some water, and he brought some in a battered tim, gracefully apploaizing for not having anything more presentable. We entered into conversation, and as he spock I torgot both his reputation and appearance, for his manner was that of a chivalious gentleman, his accent reflued, and his language casy and elegant. I inquired about some beavers' paws which were diving, and in a moment they hung on the horn of any saddle. Arropes of the wild animals of the region, he told me that the loss of his eye was owing to a recent encounter with a grizzly bear, which, after giving him a death hug, tearing him all over, breaking his arm and serateling out his eye, had left him for doad. As we rode away, for the sun was stuking, be said, courteonsly, "You are not an American. I know from your voice that you are a country man of taine. I hope you will allow me the pleasure of calling on you?" This man, known through the Territories and beyond them as "Rocky Mountain Jim," or, more briefly, as "Mountain Jim," so more briefly, as "his, and is the original of some daring portraits in fiction concerning Indian frontier warfare. So far as I have at present heard, he is a anni for whom there is now no room, for the time for blows and brood in this part of Coiorado is past, and the famous

After remaining for a short time in her log cabin at Estes Park, the dauntless explorer decides to make the ascent of Long's Peak, 14,700 feet high, and in its towering elevation dwarfing all the surrounding mountains. By sunlight or moonlight its splintered gray crest is the one object that arrests the eye. From its cone all storms of snow and wind, and the forked lightning play like a glory around its head. Though one of the noblest of mountains, in one's imagination it grows to be much more than a mountain, and becomes almost a

personality :-Long's Peak, "the American Matterhorn," as some Long's Peak, "the American Matternorn, as some call it, was ascended five years ago for the first time. I thought I should like to attempt it, but up to Monday, when Evans left for Denver, cold water was thrown upon the project. It was too late in the season, the winds were likely to be strong, etc., but just before leaving, Evans said that the weather was looking more leaving. Evans said that the weather was looking more d, and if I aid not get further than the timb aid be worth going. Soon after he lett, "Mo came in and said he would go up as guide, a

wolf prowl around at night. Entering a long gulch with broad swellings of grass belted with pines, our horsewoman makes a strange acquaintance of

> evening after supper, one of the young men sang a Latin student's song and two negro melodies; the ther "Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer." tain Jim" sang one of Moore's melodies in a singular falsette, and all together sang. "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "The Red, White, and Blue," Taen "Jim" recited a poem of his own composition, and told some fearful Indian stories. A group of small silver spruces, away from the fire, was the lady's sleeping place. The artist who had been there had woven and interlaced their lower branches so as to form a bower, affording at once a shelter from the wind and an agreeable privacy. It was thickly strown with young pine shoots, which, when covered with a blanket, with an inverted saddle for a pil low, made a luxurious bed. The mercury at 9 o'clock was 12° below the freezing point. She could not sleep, but the night passed rapidly. The faithful "Ring" was at her side, and was much perturbed in spirit at the howling of the wild animals. "Day dawned long before the sun rose, pure and lemoncolored. The rest were looking after the horses, when one of the students came running to tell me that I must come further down the slope, for 'Jim' said he had never seen such a suurise. From the chill, gray peak above, from the everlasting snows, from the silvered pines, down through mountain ranges with their depths of Tyrian purple, we looked to where the Plains lay cold, in blue gray, like a morning sea against a far horizon. Suddenly, as a dazzling streak at first, but enlarging rapidly into a dazzling sphere, the sun wheeled above the gray line, a light and glory as when it was first created. 'Jim' involuntarily and reverently uncovered his head and exclaimed, 'I believe there is a God!' I felt as if, Parsec-like, I must worship. The gray of the Plains changed to purple, the sky was all one rose-red flush, on which vermition cloud-streaks rested; the ghostly peaks gleamed like rubies, the earth and heavens were new-created. Surely 'the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands!' For a full hour those Plains simulated the ocean, down to whose limitless expanse of purple, cliffs, rocks, and promontories swept down." The last stages of the ascent were perilous in the extreme, and almost quelled the spirit of our courageous heroine :-

perilous in the extreme, and almost quelled the spirit of our courageous heroine:—

You know I have no head and no ankles, and never ought to dream of meantaineering; and had I known that the ascent was a real mountaineering feat I should not have left the slightest ambition to perform it. As it is, I am only huminiated by my success, for "Jim" dragged me up, like a bale of goods, by sheer force of nauscle. At the "Noten" the real business of the ascent began. Two thousand feet of solid rock towered above us, 4,000 feet of broken rock shelved precipiously below; smooth granite ribs, with barely foothold, stood out here and there; melted snow, refrozen several times, presented a more serious obstacle; many of the rocks were loose, and tumbled down when touched. To ne it was a time of extreme terror. I was roped to "Jim," but it was of no use, my feet were paralyzed and slipped on the bare rock, and he said it was useless to try to go that way, and we retraced our steps. I wanted to return to the "Notch," knowing that my incompetence would detam the party, and one of the young men said aimost plainly that a woman was a dangerous encumbrance, but the trimper replied shortly that if it were not to take a lady up he would not go up at all. He went on to explore, and reported that further progress on the correct line of assent was blocked by ice; and then for two hours we descended, lowering ourselves by our hands from rock to tock along a boulder-strewn sweep of 4,000 feet, patened with ice and snow, and perilous from rolling stones. My fatigue, glidiness and pain from boulsed ankles, and arms half pulled out of their sockets were so great that I should never have gone half-way had not "Jim," nolens volcas, dragged me along with a pattence and skill, and withat a determination that I should ascend the Peak, which never failed. After descending about 2,000 feet to avoid the loc, we go; into a deep ravine with maccessible sides, partly filled with ice and snow and partly with large and small fragments of rock, which w even if he carried me! Sipping, faitering, gasping from the exhausting tell in the rarefled air, with throbbing hearts and panting langs, we reached the top of the gorge and squeezedour-actives between two gigantic fragmen's of rock by a ona-

sage called the "Dog's Lift," when I climbed on the shealders of one man and then was hauled up. This introduced us by an abrupt turn round the southwest ausle of the Peak to a narrow shelf of considerable length, rugged, maeven, and so overhung by the cliff in some piaces that it is necessary to crouch to bass at all. Above, the Peak looks nearly vertical for 400 feet; and descends in one unbroken fail. This is usually considered the most dangerous part of the ascent, but it does not seem so to me, for such foothold as there is is secure, and one fancies that it is possible to hold on with the hands. But there, and on the final, and, to my thinking, the worst part of the elimb, one sip, and a breathing, thinking, human being would lie 3,000 feet below, a shapeless, bloody heap! "Ring" refused to traverse the ledge, and remained at the "Lift" howling pitcously.

a shapetess, bloody heap! "King Tellisch by the ledge, and remained at the "Lift" howling pitteonsly.

Prom thence the view is more magnificent even than that from the "Notch." At the foot of the precipice below is lay a levely lake, wood embosonied, from or hear which the bright St. Vrain and other streams take their rise. I thought how their clear cold waters, growing turbid in the affluent flats, would heat under the tropic sine, and eventually form part of that great ocean river which readers our favoff islands habitable by implicing on their shores. Showy ranges, one bebind the other, extended to the distant horizon, folding in their wintry embrace the beauties of Middle Park. Pike's Feak, more than one hundred miles off, lifted that wast but shapeless summit which is the landmark of Southern Colorado. There were snow patches, snow siashes, mow alvases, snow fortern and solied-looking, snow pure and dazzimr, snow glistening above the purple robe of pine worn by all the mountains; while away to the east, in limitiess breaith, stretched the green-gray of the endiess Plains. Ganats ever where teared their spinitered crests. From thence, with a slugle sweep, the eye takes in a distance of 300 mile—that distance to the west, morth and south being made up of mountains ten, eleven, twelve, and thereen thousand feet in beight, dominated by Long's Peak, Gray's Peak, and Fise's Peak, all nearly the height of Mont Blane! On the Plains we traced the rivers by their fringe of cotton woods to the distant Platte, and between us and them lay glories of mountain, canyon, and lake, electing in

for the purpose of branding the calves:—

After a 6:30 breakfast this moraling, we started, the party being composed of my host, a hunter from the Snowy Rame. two stockmen from the Plains, one of whom rode a violent buck-imaper, and was still by bit somerade to be the "best rider in North American," and myself. We were all mounted on Mexican saddles, rode, as the ensions, which hight small bridles, leather grands over our feet, and broad wooden stirrups, and each current his lanch in a ponch stirrups in the lass other norm of its most allow the property of the property of the stirrups and of many cours, one of the most special of ever took. We never all off our horses except to tighten the girlis, we are air lanch with our bridles knotted over our saddle-torns, started over bridles knotted over our saddle-torns, started over he level at full gallop, leant over

The night on the mountains proved more free from discomforts than many fashionable hotels. In the evening after supper, one of the young men sang a Latin student's song and two negro melodies; the

I had not expected to work like a vachero, but so it was, and my Hawaiian experience was very useful. We hunted the various canons and known "camps," driving the herds out of them; and, until we had secured 850 head in the corral some hours afterwards, we scarcely saw each other to speak to. Our first difficulty was with a herd which got into some swampy ground, when a cow, which after wards gave nee an infinity of trouble, remained at hay for nearly an hour, tossing the dog turce times, and resisting all efforts to disledge her. Sac had a large yearling call with her, and Evans told me that the attachment of a cow to her first call is sometimes so great that she will kill her second that the first may have the milk. I got a herd of over a hundred out of a canon by myself, and drave them down to the river with the aid of one hedly-broken due, which gave me nore frouble than the cattle. The getting over was most troublesome; a few took to the water readily and went neroes, but others smelt it, and then, doubling back, ran in various directions; while some attacked the dog as he was swinning, and others, after crossing, headed back in search of some favorite companious which had been left behind, and one specially victoria cow attacked my horse over and over again. It took an hour and a half of time and much patience to gather them all on the other side.

It was getting late in the day, and a snowsform was lingualing, before I was joined by the other drivers and herds, and as the former had diminished to three, with only three dogs, it was very difficult to keep the cattle together. You drive them as cently as possible, so a not to frighten or excite toem, riding first on one side, then on the other, to guide them; and if they deliberately go in a wrong d rection, you gaiop in front and head them off. The great excitement is when one breaks away from the herd and gallops madly up and down hill, and you garlop after him back again. The buils were quite castly managed, but the cown where, over and among rocas and t

The notices of the famous desperado "Rocky Mountain Jim," with whom she was so oddly thrown into company, are among the most peculiar and the most interesting portions of this very peculiar and interesting volume. His father, it seems, was a British officer quartered at Montreal. of a good old Irish family. From his own account he was an ungovernable boy, imperfectly educated, and tyrannizing over a loving but weak mother. When seventeen years old he fell madly in love with a beautiful young girl whom he saw in church. though he had seen her but only three times and scarcely spoken to her. His mother treated his wish as a boyish folly, and in order to spite her he took to drink. The girl died within a year, and in his wild grief he ran away from home, entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and after several years left it because he found even that lawless life too strict for him. He then entered the service of the United States Government, became one of the famous Indian scouts of the Plains, and soon distinguished himself by the most daring deeds and the bloodiest crimes. He became known through all the West for his proneness to take offence and his teadiness with the revolver. He was implicated in all the scenes of violence and blood which were committed in that lawless region. He was splendidly handsome, and in his worst hours always chivalrous to good women. a profusion of long curls banging over his shoulders

When he had got hold of money, he would go to Denver, spending large sums in the wildest dissi-pation, and making himself a terror to everybody. After the money was all gone he would go back to his mountain den, full of hatred and self-scorn till the next time. On one occasion he said to the writer, "You see a man who has made a devil of himself. Lest! Lost! Lost! I believe in God, and I have given Him no choice but to put me with the devil and his angels. I'm afraid to die. You've stirred the better nature in me too late. I can't change." The impression he made upon the writer was that of a man of great ability, real genius, and with certain remains of gentlemanly instincts. " Mountain Jim" was finally shot a few months after within a mile or two of his cabin, and it was not until after his death that his worst qualities became known to the writer.

## STORIES OF GILBERT STUART.

THE ARTIST'S LIFE NOW MADE KNOWN. HS CAREER IN LONDON-WEST AND REYNOLDS-WASHINGTON-HIS CARELESSNESS IN MONEY MAT-TERS-ANECDOTES AND SAYINGS.

specting the life of Gilbert Stuart, has consisted of accedotes, many of which were of doubtful authenticity; but as already announced, it has recently fallen to the lot of George C. Mason, of Newport, to write an extended life of him at the request of Miss Jane Stuart, the only surviving member of the artist's family. Miss Stuart had intended to prepare the biography herself but finding the thing could well be up which it was possible to climb, well described by the name of the "American Matterborn."

The next wenderful adventure of the dashing rider was to take part in a grand cattle hunt, in which Evans had begged her to lend a hand. The cattle were to be driven fifteen miles at a height of 7,500 feet. On all sides mountains rose to an altitude of from 11,000 to 15,000 feet, their skirts shaggy with pitch-pine forests, and scarred by deep canyons wended and bowlder strown. Two thousand head of half-wild Texan cattle were scattered in herds throughout the canyon living en more or less suspicious terms with the other inhabitants of the lonely and romantic region. On this occasion the lerds were driven down in a bedy for a nuster, and for the purpose of branding the calves:—

Alter a 6,30 breakfast this moraing, we started, the party being composed of my host, a hunter from the party being composed of my host, a hunter from the nteresting theses about Stuart which the

this mob "his house was entered, his library and other valuables were destroyed, and to escape personal violence he sought shelter on board a frigate in the harbor." An artist named Cosmo Alexander, took an interest in Stuart, and after being two years in the country, chiefly at New-port, whither the young artist's father had moved, he returned to Europe, and took Stuart with him. But Alexander died soon after they landed, and a friend to whose care he committed Stuart, singularly enough, died shortly after he did. Left alone as Stuart was and unable to earn enough to live as he wished, he resolved to return home. The voyage, it is said, was made in a collier, and every hardship was suffered. Stuart never afterward could be induced to speak of the ex-When he got home he found the country in

great excitement. It was difficult to obtain sitters, and a war with England seemed inevsitters, and a war with England seemed hevitable, with a prospect of continuing a long
time, so that an opportunity to visit England
again would at least be remote. He wished
intensely to study under West, his own countryman, "and so, with but one letter of introduction in his pocket, he embarked on board the
last ship that escaped detention in Boston Harbor in the Spring of 1775, and sailed for Great
Britain. It was not without delays that he
went to West, but when at last he called it
was without any letter of introduction to him. was without any letter of introduction to him. Yet when West saw him he listened to his petition with kindness and attention, requestpetition with kindness and attention, requesting him to bring in something he had painted. This was gladly done, "and in a tew days he commenced his studies with West, and shortly after, in the Summer of 1777, he was doniciled in his family. At that time he was two and twenty years of age," Stuart, years afterward, spoke of West's attentions to him as "paternal." He worked hard under him, and more than repaid him, no doubt, by the work he did on his picares. Meanwhile the work he did en his pictures. Meanwhile, he was attending the discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds, studying anatomy and drawing from life. Trumbull, it so happened, was studying with West during Stuart's stay, and an amus-ing anecdote is told at the expense of Trum-bull's having lost the use of one of his eyes. Seeing a drawing of Trumbull's one day, he Seeing a drawing of Trumbull's one day, he remarked to a friend, in Trumbull's presence, that it looked "as if it had been drawn by a man with one eye." Trumbull appeared much hurt at this, and replied, "I take it very unkindly, sir, that you should make the remark." Stuart did not understand him and asked what he meant. "I presume, sir," answered Trumbull, "that you know I have lost the sight of one eye and any allusion to it. the sight of one eye, and any allusion to it in this manner is unkind." Stuart then said to his friend: "Now I never suspected it, and only the oddness of the drawing suggested it." A few years found the artist in prosperous ways, with tame coming to him so fast that his

pictures were at times declared to be West's own. In 1788 he had taken a house, a friend own. In 1788 he had taken a house, a friend writes, "and is going to set up a great mann?" West and Reynolds gave him help by sitting to him, and he soon was able to ask and receive prices for his pictures which were only exceeded by the sums paid to Reynol's and Gainesborough. "For a time," says Mr. Mason, "Stuart lived in splendor. Money rolled in upon him and he spent it as lavishly, never giving heed to the morrow, nor cared he what became of his earnings. As a bird loved to sing, so he loved to paint, and with sitters waiting their turns and with those around him with whom he could give play to his remarkable conversational powers, he was contented and happy. Daily his rooms were thronged with tional powers, he was contented and happy. Daily his 100ms were thronged with visitors who thought it a privilege to sit to him, and who were ready to pay anything that he thought proper to charge them." To mili-tary men he would talk of battles, to statesmen of Hume's or Gibbon's history, with law-yers on jurisprudence, with farmers of seed-time and harvest, and with ladies of woat things concerned and interested them most. things concerned and interested them most. He began to give dinners, "and invited forty-two persons to dine with him "—men of mark in literature, music, painting or on the stage, and when the dinner was over he said to them: "I can't have you all every day, but I will have seven of you to dine with me each day in the week, and I have contrived it so that the party shall vary without further trouble. I have not un seven cloak-nins in

trouble. I have put up seven cloak-pins in my hall, so that the first seven who come in may hang up their cloaks and hats; the eighth man, seeing them full, will go away and proba-bly will attend earlier the next day." This plan bly will attend earlier the next day." This plan was carried out literally, and Stuart found it "the greatest of all human luxuries." West, shook his head at it and said it would "eat itselt out." This it died in about six months, when the party broke up greatly to the regret Stuart made a brief visit to Ireland in 1788 and painted a few portraits there. He went away so soon that Allston when he was there

heard people of the upper ranks say,
"Oh, nobody ever painted such a head
as our Irish Stuart could." He had
however, became restless and felt that he had been long away from home. Washington's splendid and newly-risen fame had given him an interse desire to paint his portrait. Accordingly he sailed from Dublin for New-York, and when he arrived home he opened a studio in Stone-st., near William, and orders soon poured in fast upon the artist who had gone away a few years here. had gone away, a few years before, an un-He described himself as riding through camps in his scout's dress with a red scarf around his waist and a profusion of long curls hanging over his shoulders of war for him if he would go to Halifax and

decision he made the most signal mistake of his life. Stuart was very ready at reading character. It is related that one day when at dinner with Lord Chancellor Clare a gentleman who had been asked to the dinner came in just as the cloth was being removed, and was placed at a side table where the servant was odered to serve him. Lord Clare turned to Stuart who sat at his side and asked in a low voice if he knew the gentleman. Stuart did not know him. Then he was asked to say what sort of man he thought nim to be. Stuart being assured that he was not a friend of what sort of man he thought nim to be. Stuart being assured that he was not a friend of Lord Clare's rephed: "My Lord, if the Almighty ever wrote a legible hand, he is the greatest rascal that ever disgraced society." It turned out that the belated guestwas an attorney who had been detected in acts that were far from honorable. This story has been told before with Aaron Burr's name in the place of Lord Clare's and Talleyrand's for the attorney's. When Stuart was in Ireland he was asked to visit a certain gentleman "at his castle." Stuart went, and found the owner to be a tailor who had made a fortune out of army contracts, and wished him to paint the portraits of his ancestors. And as he had no minitures or silhouettes of them he asked him to paint "the portrait of such ancestors as he ought to have had." The arist went seriously to work and produced a series beginning with the time of the Conquest and including men in armor who served in the and including men in armor who served in the Crusades, judges in wigs, and fair women in the dresses of different periods. The tailor was delighted with them and paid Stuart double the amount that had been agreed

paint his portrait, but he declined, as it was "his fixed purpose to paint Washington at any secrifice." Afterward he admitted that in this decision he made the most signal mistake of

upon. It is related that one day when talking with It is related that one day when talking with General Lee, Stuart happened to remark that Washington "had a tremendous temper, but held it under wonderful control." Lee afterward quoted the first part of this remark to General Washington in Mrs. Washington's presence, whereupon she said to him "Upon my word, Mr. Stuart takes a great deal upon himself to make such a remark." "But stay, my dear hady," said Lee, "he added that the President had it under wonderful control." With a smile, Washington then said: "He is right."

Suart could never keep money, much as he could carn it. The last years of his life were passed

Saart could never keep money, much as he could carn it. The last years of his life were passed in Boston, but he was "as improvident and careless in all matters relating to his own affairs as ever, and as indifferent to opportunities that were frequently afforded him to increase his gains and extend his reputation." He once had an offer of \$1,500 from the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Aris for a full length porinteresting theses about Staart which the volume contains.

The house in which Staart was born is still to be seen at the head of Petaquamscott Pond in the Narragansett country, Rhode Island. Seldom visited and little thought off, the house is old-fashioned, gambrel-roofed and low-portaled, and "shut in by trees and far away from the din and stir of the world." For the asking one may see the room in which the painter was born. Few changes have taken place there "other than that the wheel that once ground snuff for the many, now grinds corn for a sparsely-settled neighborhood." Staart's father was the snuff grinder, and he had as a partner one Dr. Moffatt, who had "brought down upon his head the wrath of a mob," because he strenuously advocated the famous Stamp Act. By this mob "his house was entered, his library in the interest his gains and extend his reputation." He once had his reputation." He once had an offer of \$1,500 from the Pennsylvania. Academy of Fine Arts for a full length portrait of Washington, but he never even answered the letter. At another time he was asked to paint his own portrait for the Academy at Florence, but he took no notice of the request. He kept in ceords of his affairs. "He did not even know, at times, whether a picture he had finished had been paid for." The money which he carned in Philadelphia from certain pictures he invested in a farm, which he stocked with Durham cows. As fast as he carned the money he paid it from certain pictures he invested in a farm, which he stocked with Durham cows. As fast as he carned the money he paid it from certain pictures he invested in a farm, which he stocked with Durham cows. As fast as he carned the money he paid it has the provided the famous Stamp Act. By this mob "his house was entered, his library in the death of the order of \$1.500 from the other time he occurs of the request. He do not even know, at times, whether a picture he had finished had been paid for." The money which he carned in Philadelphia from certain pictures he invested th receipt, or even looking to see that proper papers had been given him at all. Before a final settlement took place it happened that the person of whom he bought the farm died. No evidence existed that Stuart had ever paid a dollar on the farm. He had nothing himself to show, and the books of the man who had died gave no evidence that the farm had ever been sold. Tous He had nothing himself to show, and the books of the man who had died gave no evidence that the farm had ever been sold. Thus the entire investment, which amounted to \$3,442, was a complete loss to Stuart. He once had a cabinet made as a memento of the son who died. A year afterward a bill was sent in. Stewart deciared that he had already paid it, remarking that it was one of the last he should have neglected. His wife suggested that he might have overlooked it, but he insisted that he had paid it long before, though he could not tell what he had done with the receipts. A year after Stuart's death, in a book which he had probably been reading when the bill was paid, the receipt was one day found. Near his house there once lived a farmer named Greene, who supplied him with eggs and poultry. One day Stuart came in the house and with a very grave face said: "Greene is going to die," "Greene is going to die," "Greene is going to die," "Greene is as well as you or 1." The response was this: "Greene nevertheless is going to die, I know it, for he has just returned to me \$10 that I had overpaid him." Ar. Mason adds that singularly enough Greene was never seen again, for in a short time he was taken il, and when next larly enough Greene was never seen again, for in a short time he was taken ill, and when next

heard from he was taken hi, and when hext heard from he was dead.

A long chapter on the book is devoted to Stuart's portraits of Washington. What is known as the Gibbs portrait, now owned by Dr. William F. Chauning, of Providence, is pronounced "the fuest beyond all comparison." The warmest friendship existed between Stuart and Colonel Gibbs, so that "we may feel sure that in painting so that "we may feel sure that in painting this picture the artist aimed to do his best."
When the Marquis of Landsdown received the full-length which was presented to him by Mr. Bingham, When the Marquis of Landsdown received the full-length which was presented to him by Mr. Bingham,
who commissioned Stuart to paint it, it
created a great sensation in England, and in
acknowledging the receipt the Marquis said:
"If I were not too old, I would go to Virginia to do him homage." When Stuart accepted
the commission for this work he stipulated to
Mr. Bingham that no engraving should be allowed but with his consent and for his lowed but with his consent and for his benefit. But some years atterward he writes in a letter to the Marquis: "Scarcely, however, had the picture been received by your Lordship, when I had the mortification to find an engraving promised to mortification to find an engraving promised to the public, and, soon afterward, at a moment when the sensibility of Europe as well as of America was keenly excited by the death of General Washington, the print was published in England and in the United States." He as-sures him that he had counted upon the emoluments which might arise from the portrait "as a resource to rescue him-self from pecuniary embarrassment and to provide for a numerous family at the close of an anxious life," and adds that "there is something due to his feelings as a man and to his character as an artist." He was never able to forgive the injury. It was afterward learned, however, that the injury was due to no fault of Lord Landsdowne's. This portrait is 1876 was on the Contemptal Exhibition at exhibition at the Centennial Exhibition Philadelphia, and at the close of the Exhi tion was returned to its owner in England.

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